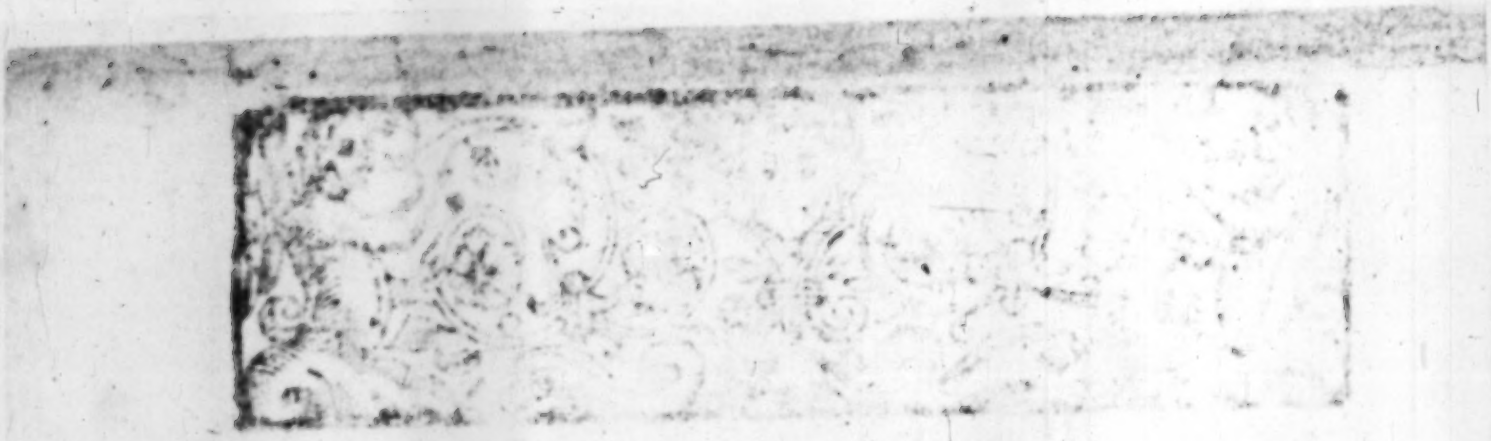
MARIE MAG-
DALENS LAMEN-
TATIONS FOR THE LOSSE OF HER MASTER IESVS.

Disce mori mundo vivere disce Deo.

LONDON,
Printed by Adam Islip for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, dwelling at the little North dore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun.
1601.



The Preface to Marie Magdalens Lamentations.

THe happieſt ſoule that ever was inveſted,
In ſinne-ſtaind skin awakes my woe-fed Muſe,
To ſing her love (whoſe love is now celeſted)
Sith graver pens ſo good a worke refuſe,
To wet the world with her ſinne-waſhing teares,
Which well deſtil'd, each cloudie conſcience cleares.

She ſhed them once in moſt abundant wiſe,
Thinking no future aire ſhould drie them up
While any drop remain'd in tender eyes;
Or any heart could heartie ſorrow ſup,
Or any ſoule could ſigh for ſinne forepaſt,
Or feare that Gods iuſt iudgements aye ſhould laſt.

But world worſe waxing, hath forgot her lore,
Relenting hearts are adamanted ſo,
They cannot greeve, drie eyes can drop no more,
And ſin-clog'd ſoule doe now ſo heedleſſe go:
They cannot ſigh (ah tis too great a paine)
With contrite minds ſuch ſoure-ſweet throbs to ſtrain.

Yea ſoule-confounding ſinne ſo far hath crept,
Repentant ſighes are reckoned for toies,
And Maries *teares contemned, long have ſlept,*
As jems unpriz'd, which corrupt age deſtroies:
Save that her Lord, becauſe they ſtill ſhould laſt,
In ſureſt caske hath them inveſted faſt.

For wretched ſoules let looſe to libertie,
So wanton-like are weaned to each wrong,
So licenſed to worke impietie,
And free to fleſhly wils have liv'd ſo long:
That thoſe freſh ſprings, whence penitent tears ſhould flow,
Preſumption hath ſo ſtopt, that none will know.

And ſenceleſſe hearts, obdurat to all good,
Have ſo perverted their perfixed end,
That now (O greeſe) their ſighs and deareſt bloud,
To feed fond fancie they doe vainely ſpend:
But for their ſins one teare for to let fall,
They have (alas) nor eye nor heart at all.

Ah could they ſee what ſinne from ſence hath ſhut,
How ſweet it were to ſummon deeds miſdone,
To have their lives in equall ballance put,
To waigh each worke ere that the judge doe come:
Ah then their teares would trickle like the raine,
And their eye-flouds would helpe to fill the maine.

They

They would with Marie *ſend forth bitter cries,*
To get the ioies of their ſoule-ſaving love,
They would guſh forth freſh fountaines from their eies,
To win his favour, and his mercie prove:
Eyes, hart, and tongue, ſhould poure, breath out, & ſend,
Teares, ſighs, and plaints, untill their love they find.

No idle houres ill ſpent in fond delight,
No teares diſtil'd for momentarie loſſes,
No ſighs for miſſing abſent lovers ſight,
No care contriv'd of common worldly croſſes,
Should then be us'd; but all conſum'd in this,
To beg amendment and bewaile their miſſe.

Yea all too little to an humble ſoule
(That inly ſees her ill miſgovern'd life)
Would it appeare, to ſpend whole yeares in dole,
Yea many ages to declare her ſtrife
Would paſſe as minuts, wiſhing time would ſtand,
While ſhe with feare her endleſſe faults had ſcand.

But farre from this lives ſinners (too ſecure)
Who giving bridle to their ſelfe-deſires,
Cannot alas one ſcanted houre indure
In ſacred ſervice, but their mind aſpires
In following pleaſures height, whoſe froward will
In doing good, doth make them careleſſe ſtill.

Which ſeene with pitie on our graceleſſe minds,
This bleſſed ſinner, whoſe ſo precious teares,
Once bath'd his feet, that heaven and earth in binds,
And made a towell of her trayling haires,
To wipe the drops, which for her ſins were ſhed,
Now deignes to tell how our ſoules ſhould be fed.

And Marie *ſhewes to maids and matrones both,*
How they ſhould weepe and decke their roſe-like cheekes
With ſhowers of greefe, whereto hard hearts are loth,
And who it is her matchleſſe mourning ſeekes:
And when we ought to ſend our reeking ſighs,
To thicke the paſſage of the pureſt lights.

And Marie *ſhowes us when we ought to beat*
Our braſen breaſts, and let our robes be rent,
How proſtrating, to creepe unto the ſeat
Of that ſweet lambe, whoſe bloud for us was ſpent:
And that we ſhould give way unto our woes,
When the exceſſe no fault or errour ſhowes.

If you will deigne with favour to peruſe
Maries *memoriall of her ſad lament,*
Exciting Collin *in his graver Muſe,*
To tell the manner of her hearts repent:
My gaine is great, my guerdon granted is,
Let Maries *plaints plead pardon for amiſſe.*

Marie Magdalens first Lamentation

At the Tombe of Iesus.

WHat climat will affourd a mournfull mate,
All wo-begon, that vollies out hir grones,
Whoſe griefs do equallize my ſad-grown ſtate,
Whoſe heart poures forth a ſea of helpeleſſe mones?
If to my care, companion ſuch there be,
Ile helpe her mourne, if ſhe will mourne with me.

But ſure, no ſuch aſſociat there is,
My Muſe may tell a greefe without compare,
A blacke rehearſe of metamorphos'd blis,
And ſad memoriall of untimely care,
Lugubre Carmen fitteth beſt my uſe,
In vvaining ſtate beſt fits a wailing Muſe.

The deepeſt paſsion of true burning love
That ever any love-ſicke heart poſſeſt,
(Drown'd in diſtreſſe) I ſilly vvoman prove,
Whoſe ardent zeale is nurſe of mine vnreſt,
But even to death (O hapleſſe death) alone
I rue'd his death vvhen other friends vvere gone.

I did behold my loves too cruell death,
With theſe ſad eyes, made red vvith briniſh teares:
My ſoule did ſorrow for his loſſe of breath,
By vvhoſe ſweet life, my life vvas free from feares.
Oh had I dy'd, vvhen he dy'd on the croſſe,
I needed no complaint to vvaile my loſſe.

But that (too ſweet a favour) vvas deny'de,
I might not I, conſort my lover dying,
My courſe of life doth ſorrow ſtill betyde,
Which moves my ſoule to ſuch a ceaſeleſſe crying:
Oh hapleſſe ſoule, ſo clog'd vvith care and greefe,
For loſſe of him that vvas thy comfort cheefe.

My Lord is dead, to vvhom my ſoule did live,
He dy'd for me, I vvretch am left alive,
Now to the dead I laſting praiſe muſt give,
Sith light is loſt, vvhich did my life revive,
And all in darkeneſſe I deſire to dwell,
In deaths dread ſhade my ſaddeſt griefes to tell.

My

My *Jeſus Tombe* my manſion is become,
My vvearie ſoule hath there made choiſe to inn,
Vpon his coarſe my comfort ſhall conſume,
And ioies ſhall end vvhere ioies did firſt begin.
Oh eies guſh forth your faſt diſtilling force
Of Ocean tears, upon his Tombe and corſe.

Oh life-containing Tombe of my dead Lord,
From thee no chaunce ſhall hale me hence away,
Ile linger here vvhile death doth life affourd,
And being dead, my twining armes ſhall ſtay,
And cleave unto thee; nor alive or dead
Will I be drawne from where my Lord is laid.

Thou art the Altar of all mercie meeke,
The Temple of all truth, the Grave of death,
The Sanctuarie vvhich loſt ſoules doe ſeeke,
The Cradle of eternall living breath.
Oh ſweeteſt heaven of my ecclipſed Sonne,
Receive this ſilly ſtar, vvhoſe light is done.

Oh Whale, that my deare *Ionas* ſwallowed haſt,
Come ſwallow me (more meet to be thy prey)
Twas I, not he, that ſhould in right have paſt
This bloodie tempeſt; I vvas cauſe I ſay,
Vnequall doomer, vvhat haſt thou miſdone,
To rob the earth of her cœleſtiall Sonne.

Oh Ceſterne of my *Joſeph* innocent,
Let thy drie bottome take me priſoner,
Sith I, not he (Oh vvretch moſt impudent)
Gave cauſe that ſo entrag'd my brethren vvere.
What, pitch clouds darken our tranſlucent vvay,
And on what ſhore doth Truths ſweet preacher ſtay?

Aye me accurſt, vvhy did I not before
Thinke upon this, vvhich now I aske too late?
Why did I leave him vvhen I had him ſure?
To rue his loſſe, and mone my ruthleſſe ſtate.
Oh had I vvatched, as I vvaile him novv,
None could have taken him vvithout me too.

But being too preciſe to keepe the Lavv,
The lawes ſweet maker I have thereby loſt,
And bearing to his ceremonies too much awe,
I miſſe his ſweeteſt ſelfe, of far more coſt,
Sith rather vvith the Truth I ſhould have beene,
Than vvorking that, vvhich but a Tipe vvas ſeene.

The Sabboth day ſo ſtrickt ſolemnized,
The ſtanding by his Coarſe had not prophan'd;
By vvhich, prophaneſt things are ſanctified,
And that made pure, vvhich earſt vvas foulely ſtain'd;
Whoſe touch doth not defile the thing that's clean,
But moſt defiled, maketh faire againe.

But

But vvhen I ſhould have ſtaid, I vvent away,
And vvhen it vvas too late, I came againe,
In time of helpe (Ah then) my helpe did ſtay,
Now I repent my follie (but in vaine.)
My careleſſe heed hath brought a heape of care,
And carefull I, muſt ceaſeleſſe teares prepare.

Ah let my heart into ſad ſighs diſſolve,
Let eies conſume their flouds in briniſh teares,
Let ſoule (cares captive) in diſlikes reſolve,
To languiſh ſtill (ſunke vvith deſpaire and feares.)
Let all I have endure deſerved paine,
That pennance due, ſins loſſes may regaine.

But ah my ſweeteſt Ieſu (my deare heart)
Thou art not novv, vvhere thou vvert but of late;
And yet, alas, I know not vvhere thou art,
(Oh vvretched caſe, oh lamentable ſtate:)
Such hapleſſe ſtate, unhappie I live in,
To better it, I cannot yet begin.

Alas my ioy, my hope, my cheefe deſire,
How haſt thou left me vvaveting thus in doubt?
In mazed moodineſſe my thoughts to tire,
Wandering in vvoe, and cannot find vvay out.
If I ſtay here, I cannot find thee ſo,
To ſeeke elſewhere, I know not vvhere to goe.

To leave the Tombe, is for to gaine vnreſt,
To ſtand ſtill helpeleſſe, is a cureleſſe paine,
So all my comfort in this plot doth reſt,
Helpeleſſe to ſtay, or going, hope in vaine.
And to this choiſe poore ſoule I am left free,
Which is to ſay, vvith vvhat death I vvill die.

And yet (even this) too happie a choice vvould be
For me, ſo vile, ſo baſe, unhappie vvretch:
For if to chuſe my death it lay in me,
How ſoone ſhould I that execution catch?
How vvilling vvould I be to ſtop lives breath,
If I might point the manner of my death?

I vvould be nailed to the ſelfeſame croſſe,
With thoſe ſame nailes, and in the ſelfeſame place,
Where bloudie Iewes did butcher up my loſſe:
His ſpeare ſhould vvound my hart, his thorns my face.
His vvhips my bodie, I vvould taſt all ſmart,
To tread his ſteps in an embrued hart.

But oh ambitious thoughts, gaze not ſo hie,
Vpon ſo ſweet divine felicitie,
Thinke not vvith ſuch a glorious death to die,
Whoſe life is privie to ſuch infamie:
Death I deſerv'd, not one, but many a death,
But not ſo ſweet a meane to ſtop my breath.

So

So ſweet a death ſeaſoned vvith ſuch deepe ioy,
The inſtruments vvhereof, dead corpes vvould raiſe,
And moſt impureſt ſoules from ſinne deſtroy,
And make it pure, to yeeld thee pure due praiſe:
A ſcourge too much (ah vvhere alas) too ſmall
For my offences to be beat vvithall.

And therefore am I left, more deaths to taſt
Than I live houres, and far more vvoes to ſhun
Than I have thoughts for my loſt ioy to vvaſt,
Which are in number more then motes in Sun.
Vnhappie me, vvhoſe vveake eſtate muſt beare
The violence of ſuch confuſed care.

But ſith I cannot as he died, die,
Nor yet can live vvhere he now liveth dead,
To end my dying life, I here vvill lie,
Faſt by his grave, and leane my vvearie head
Vpon his tombe, on vvhoſe moſt ſweet repoſe
Ile leave to live, and death my eies ſhall cloſe.

Better it is after his bodies loſſe,
(His ſacred bodie vvhich all creatures ioy'de)
To keepe his ſepulchre from farther croſſe,
Than looſing one, to let both be deſtroy'de.
Though I have loſt the Saint of cleareſt ſhine,
I vvill at leaſt have care to keepe the ſhrine.

So

And

And to this ſhrine He ſacrifice my heart,
Though it be ſpoiled of the ſoveraigne hoſt,
It ſhall the altar be and ſacred part,
Where I my teares vvill offer vvith the moſt,
My teares deſtilled from my hearts deepe paine,
Which going out, my ſighs ſhall blow againe.

Here in this place (oh happie place) Ile lead,
Yea, lead and end my vvofull loathed life,
That at the leaſt my cold grave may be made
Neare to this tombe, vvhere I have told my griefe.
Near this ſtone-couch, my eies their light ſhall loſe,
Which my Lord made the place of ſweet repoſe.

It may be ſo, this Sindon lying here,
Thus emptie left and ſerving to no uſe,
This tombe being open vvithout any there,
May pierce ſome piteous heart for to peruſe
My naked bones, whoſe rights for to preferre,
This ſhroud may wrap, & this ſweet tomb interre.

But oh too fortunat a lot to crave,
For her that is a vvretch ſo unfortunate,
No, no, I ſeeke not ſuch a bliſſe to have,
Alas, I dare not beg ſo good eſtate:
But yet if ſuch a ſinne may paſſe unblam'd,
I vvould forgive by vvhom it firſt vvas fram'd.

And if to vvish, no more presumption vvere
In me alive, than to permit it dead,
If I knew him that first should passe me here,
My teares should vvoo to have my corpes so laid,
And vvith my praiers I that man vvould hire,
To blesse me vvith this blisse vvhich I desire.

And though I dare not vvish that anie do it,
Yet this vvithout offence to all I say,
This Sindon hath my love so ty'de unto it,
Above all clothes I love to it will pay. (deeme,
And this same Tombe my heart more deare doth
Than anie Princes Hearse of most esteeme.

Yea, and I thinke that coarse is favoured much,
That shall my Lord in this same Tombe succeed:
And for my part (as my resolve is such)
Vpon this plot to meet Deaths fatall deed;
So doe I vvish, that in the readiest grave,
My breathlesse bones the right of buriall haye.

But this is all, and I dare say no more,
My bodie I vvill leave to what befals,
And in this paradise all ioy vvill store
For my poore soule, vvhich flesh and bloud inthrals,
Which frõ this brittle case shall passe even than,
Into the glorious Tombe of God and Man.

Marie Magdalens ſe-
cond Lamentation

For the loſſe of the bodie, whichſhee came to anneint.

BVt ſtay my Muſe, I feare my maiſters love
(The only portion that my fortune left me)
Would languiſh in my breaſt, and chilliſh prove,
Sith warmth to cheriſh it, was quite bereft me.
His words, his preſence gone, which fed my flame,
And not the aſhes left to rake the ſame.

My ſpice and ointments ſhall be then prepar'd,
To pay laſt tribute of externall dutie,
Though others have thereto devoutly car'd,
And brought the beſt in worth, in worke, in beautie:
Yet ſuch deſire my durie doth inherit,
That I muſt yeeld my love my lateſt merit.

My

My love each quantitie too little deem'd,
Vnleſſe that mine vvere added thereunto,
Beſt quantitie too meane and not eſteem'd,
Except vvith mine it ſomewhat have to doe:
No diligence ynough for to apply,
Vnleſſe my ſervice be employed by.

Nor doe I thus ſharpe cenſure others deeds,
But 'cauſe love makes me covetous of doing,
Though *Joſephs* vvorke no reprehenſion needs,
Though to my wiſh his baulme he vvas beſtowing:
Yet all he did cannot my love ſuffiſe,
But I muſt actor be to pleaſe mine eies.

Such is the force of true affecting love,
To be as eagre in effects t'appeare,
As it is zealous, fervently to move
Affections firme, to vvhat it holdeth deare
This love devout ſets my poore heart on fire,
To ſhew ſome deed of my moſt deepe deſire.

And to embaulme his breathleſſe corps I came,
As once afore I did annoint his feet,
And to preſerve the reliques of the ſame,
The only remnant that my bliſſe did meet:
To vveepe afreſh for him in deapth of dole,
That lately vvept to him for mine owne ſoule.

But

But loe alas, I find the grave vvide ope,
The bodie gone, the emptie Sindon left,
The hollow Tombe I every where doe grope,
To be aſſur'd of vvhat I am ſure bereft,
The labour of embaulming is prevented,
But cauſe of endleſſe vveeping is augmented.

He vvanting is unto my obſequies,
That vvas not vvanting to my ceaſeleſſe teares,
I find a cauſe to move my miſeries,
To eaſe my vvoe, no vviſht for ioy appeares.
Thus though I miſſe, vvhom to annoint I meant,
Yet have I found a matter to lament.

I having ſettled all my ſole deſires
On Chriſt my love, vvho all my love poſſeſt,
In vvhoſe rare goodneſſe, my affection fires,
Whom to enioy, I other ioies ſuppreſt,
Whoſe peereleſſe vvorth unmatcht of all that live,
Being had (all ioy) and loſt (all ſorrowes) give.

The life of lives thus murthering in his death,
Doth leave behind him, laſting to endure,
A generall death to each thing having breath,
And his deceaſe our nature hath made pure:
Yet am poore I of ornament bereft,
And all the vvorld vvithout perfection left.

What

What marvell then if my hearts hot deſire,
And vehement love to ſuch a lovely Lord,
To ſee lifes vvracke, vvith ſcalding ſighs aſpire,
And for his bodies loſſe ſuch vvoe afford,
And feele like taſt of ſorrow in his miſſe,
As in his preſence I enioied bliſſe.

And though my teares, deſtil'd from moiſtned eies,
Are rather oile than vvater to my flame,
More apt to nouriſh ſorrow in ſuch vviſe,
Than to deminiſh or abate the ſame;
Yet ſilly ſoule I plung'd in deapth of paine,
Doe yeeld my ſelfe a captive to complaine.

Moſt true it is that *Peter* came and *John*,
With me unto the Tombe to trie report,
They came in haſt, and haſtily were gone,
They (having ſearcht) dare make no more reſort,
And vvhat gain'd I, two vvitneſſe of my loſſe,
Diſmaiers of my hope, cauſe of more croſſe.

Love made them come, but love was quickly quail'd,
With ſuch a feare as cal'd them ſoone away,
I (poore I) hoping, in deſpaire aſſail'd,
Without all feare perſevering ſtill to ſtay,
Becauſe I thought, no cauſe of feare vvas left,
Sith vvhom I feard, was from my ſight bereft.

For I (poore soule) have lost my maister deare,
To vvhom my thoughts devoutly vvere combin'd,
The totall of my love my cheefest cheare,
The height of hope in vvhom my glorie shin'd,
My finall feare, and therefore him excepted,
No other hope, nor love, nor losse respected.

Worse feare behind, vvas death, vvhich I desired
And feared not, (my soules life being gone)
Without vvhich I no other life required,
And in vvhich death had been delight alone:
And thus (ah thus) I live a dying life,
Yet neither death nor life can end my strife.

Yet now me thinkes tis better die than live,
For haply dying, I my love may find,
Whom vvhile I live, no hope at all can give,
And he not had, to live I have no mind:
For nothing in my selfe, but Christ I lov'd,
And nothing ioies, my Iesus so remov'd.

If any thing alive to keepe me, striv'd,
It is his image, cause it should not die
With me, vvhose likenesse love in me contriv'd,
And treasured up in sweetest memorie:
From vvhich my love by no vvay can depart,
Vnlesse I rip the centre of my heart.

Wlich had been done, but that I feard to burſt
The worthleſſe Trunck which my dear Lord incloſed
In vvhich the reliques of loſt ioy vvas truſt,
And all the remnant of my life impoſed:
Elſe greefe had chang'd my hart to bleeding tears,
And fatall end had paſt from pittious ears.

Yet pittious I, in ſo unperfit ſort
Doe ſeeme to draw my undeſired breath,
That true I prove this often-heard report,
Love is more ſtrong than life-deſtroying death:
For vvhat more could pale death in me have done,
Than in my life, performed plaine is ſhowne.

My vvits deſtraught, and all my ſence amaz'd,
My thoughts let looſe and fled I know not vvhere,
Of underſtanding robd, I ſtand agaz'd,
Not able to conceit vvhat I doe heare:
That in the end, finding I did not know,
And ſeeing, could not vvell diſcerne the ſhow.

I am not vvhere I am, but vvith my love,
And vvhere he is, poore ſoule I cannot tell,
Yet from his ſight nothing my heart can move,
I more in him than in my ſelfe doe dwell:
And miſsing vvhom I looke for, vvith ſad ſeeking,
Poor vvo-worn womã, at the Tomb ſtay weeping.

Marie Magdalens third Lamentation

Jn finding the Angels, and miſsing whom ſhee ſought.

BVt hope-beguiling fortune, now to cheere
My long-ſad ſpirits vvith a ſhade of ioy,
With Angels preſents doth preſẽt me here,
Grãting a momẽts mirth to increaſe annoy.
For looking him, though for him I find twaine,
To thinke on him, redoubleth ſtill my paine.

Yet for a time I vvill revive my ſoule,
With this good hope, vvhich may my hopes exceed,
Comfort, ſweet comfort ſhall my cares controule,
Releefe may hatch, vvhere greefe did lately breed:
I ſeeke for one, and now have found out twaine,
A bodie dead, yet two alive againe.

My

My vvofull vveeping, all vvas for a Man,
And now my teares have Angels bright obtained:
I vvill ſuppreſſe my ſigh-ſwolne ſadneſſe than,
And glad my heart vvith this good fortune gained:
These Heaven attendants to a parle envite me,
Ile heare vvhat they vvill ſay, it may delight me.

For I aſſure my ſelfe, if that the corſe
By fraud or mallice had removed bin,
The linnen had not found ſo much remorſe,
But had been caried too away vvith him:
Nor could the Angels looke ſo chearefully,
But of ſome happier chance to vvarrant me.

And for to free me from all feares (even now)
They thus encounter, theſe their ſpeeches vvere,
And thus they ſpake, Woman vvhy vveepeſt thou?
As if they bad me vveeping to forbeare:
For ill it fits a mortall eye ſhould vveepe,
Where heavenly Angels ſuch reioicing keepe.

Erewhile they ſaid, Thou camſt vvith manly courage,
Arming thy feet, through greateſt thornes to run,
Thy bodie to endure all tyrants rage,
Thy ſoule no violent tortures for to ſhun:
And art thou now ſo much a vvoman made,
Thou canſt not bid thine eies from teares be ſtaide.

If that thou hadst a true Disciples name,
So many certaine prooses vvould thee persuade,
But incredulitie so blots the same,
Thou of that title art unvvorthie made:
And therefore vvoman (too much vvoman now)
Tell us (O vvoman) wherefore vweepest thou.

If there vvere any coarse here lying by,
We then vvould thinke for it thou shedst thy teares,
That sorrow for the dead inforst thee cry:
But now this place, a place of joy appeares,
Thou findst no dead, but living, to be here,
Oh then why weepest thou with mournfull cheare?

What, is our presence so discomfortable,
That seeing us, thou art inforst to vweepe,
Thinkst thou if teares vvere so availeable,
That vve our selves from flowing streams could keep
Or is thy kindnesse in this course extended,
That vve vvith teares should thus be entertained.

If they be teares of love to shew good vvill,
As love is knowne, so let them be suppressed;
If teares of vvrath, denouncing anger still,
To shed them here, thou shouldst not have addressed,
Here vvhere all anger lately buried vvas,
But none deserv'd, ah none deserv'd alas.

If

If they be teares of ſorrow, dead mens duties,
(The dead reviued) they are ſpent in vaine;
If teares of ioy, diſtilled from the booties
Of happie fortune (flowers of ioyfull gaine)
It better were that fewer had been ſpent,
And fitter tokens might expreſſe content.

And Angels ſemblance viſible, preſents
The vvill inviſible of his dread Lord,
Whoſe ſhapes are ſhaddowed after the intents
And drift of him, that rules him by his vvord:
They brandiſh ſwords vvhẽ God begins to frown,
They ſheath in ſcabbards when his wrath is downe.

When he vvould fight, they armed come to field,
When he vvould terrifie, their forme afright,
When he would comfort, they their coũtenance yeeld
To ſmiling lookes, and ſignes of ſweet delight:
Mirth in their eies, and mildneſſe in their vvords,
All favour, grace, and comelineſſe affourds.

Why weepeſt thou *Marie* then vvhen we reioice,
Thinke not our nature can degenerat
Or faile in dutie (vvhich vve hold ſo choice)
Ours is no changing or ſin-working ſtate:
Doeſt thou more love, or more his ſecrets know,
Than vve that at his Throne our ſervice ſhow.

Oh deeme not *Marie*, deeme not then amiſſe
Againſt ſo plaine apparent evidence,
At our requeſt forbeare, and leave of this,
Leave vveeping *Marie*, and vvith teares diſpence:
Exchange thy ſorrow for our offered ioy,
Accept ſweet comfort, and forſake annoy.

No, no, you Saints of glorie ever ſhining,
Perſuade not me to harbor ioyfull glee,
But thinke to vvhom my ſorrow is enclining,
And beare vvith my poore love-bound miſerie:
Alas I vveepe for this one only loſſe,
For vvhom all ioy doth but inferre new croſſe.

For while he liv'd, I made my Paradiſe
In every place, vvhere I his preſence found,
A ſpeciall bliſſe vvas every exerciſe,
Wherein I ſhewed my ſervice to him bound:
Each ſeaſon vvherein I inioyd my king,
Did ſeeme to me a never dying Spring.

Marie Magdalens fourth Lamentation.

Marie bewailes the losse of that part which Christ promised her: when he said, Marie hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her.

IT comforts me to send forth dryrie plaints,
To fill the aire with my unceſſant cries,
To volley forth a ſea of ſad laments,
With liquid teares to moiſten ſtill mine eies:
Yet neither plaints, nor cries, laments, nor teares,
Can ſerve, can eaſe, can ſalve, can ſhew my feares.

For all inioin'd to doe their beſt availe,
To helpe the mourne of my greeſe-buſthened ſoule,
Perſuade me ſtill it is my beſt to vvaile,
And ſpend the day in pittie-pleading dole:
Sith vvhom I choſe, the comfort of my heart,
Is now bereft(oh care-increaſing ſmart.)

That I did chuſe the beſt and precious part,
It is no doubt,ſith Chriſt I only choſe,
My Lord, the ſoveraigne of my zealous heart,
Whom to poſſeſſe,I wiſh my life to loſe:
But how I have it now,I cannot ſay,
Sith he that vvas that part, is tane away.

Ah could I ſtill have kept him vvith me here,
I vvould not thus have loſt him from my ſight,
No, I vvould not have parted from my deare,
If to my vvill I had obtained might:
And might I now vvith teares his preſence buy,
Rather than loſe it,I all chance vvould trie.

Sith then I nothing ſeeke,but vvhat I choſe,
And loſſe of choice is all my combats cauſe,
Either vouchſafe this part I doe not loſe,
Or I ſee not how to averre this clauſe:
Or how(poore vvretch)I now may truly ſay,
I choſe beſt part,vvhich is not ta'ne away.

But

But happily, his heavenly meaning vvas,
That it ſhould not be taken from my heart,
Though from mine eies thou ſuffered it to paſſe,
Thy inward preſence ſhould ſupplie this part:
And yet I thinke if thou vvithin me vvere,
I ſhould thee feele (and felt) not ſeeke thee here.

Thou art too hote a fire to heat my breaſt,
And not to burne me vvith thy ſcorching flame;
Thy glorious light vvould not leave me to reſt
In this blind darkeneſſe, if I had the ſame:
For if thy glorie in me duly ſhin'd,
It vvould reioice and cheere my dying mind.

No, no, if that I had the Virgins boy,
My innocent heart (vvhich never yet hath knowne
To counterfeit an outſide of hid ioy)
Could not complain and make ſuch greevous mone:
Nor ſhould my thoughts feed on a dead mãs grave,
If they at home ſo ſweet a feaſt might have.

My love vvould not retaine a thought to ſpare,
Nor have an idle minute for to ſpend,
In any other action for to care,
But in the ſweet amplecting of my freind:
Ah nothing could vvithdraw my mind from this,
To abridge leaſt part in me from ſuch a bliſſe.

My

For all inioin'd to doe their beſt availe,
To helpe the mourne of my greeſe-buttthened ſoule,
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My

My ſtarving thirſt for his loſt ſight is ſuch,
The ſea of my ſtill flowing ioies againe
So able is to let me drinke as much
As may ſuffice to fill my longing paine: (drinke,
That though each part, vvhole tides of ioy ſhould
Yet all too few my greedie drought vvould thinke.

In true loves hearts each part is made an eie,
And every thought prefixed for a looke,
Then I ſo ſweet an obiect ſoone vvould ſpie,
That mongſt ſo many eyes ſhould darkneſſe brooke:
So cleare a ſhine, ſo bright, ſo cleare a light,
Could not be hidden from a lovers ſight.

Yea doubtleſſe had the Lord in me a ſeat,
I vvould not envie at the fortunes ſweet
Of mightieſt prince (or empreſſe ne're ſo great)
Yea I vvould more (if ſo he thought me meet)
Reioice in earth, to be his Tombe or ſhrine,
Than be in heaven, a Throne or Saints faire ſhine.

But peradventure now tis vvith my mind,
As earſt it vvas vvith his Apoſtles eyes,
Who on the ſea thought they a ghoſt did find,
When there he walked in miraculous vviſe:
And I knowing more his bodies ſhape than might,
Take him but for a fancie in hearts ſight.

But oh (ſad ſoule) it ſeemes too ſtrange that he,
He vvhom I ſeeke, and hee for vvhom I vveepe,
Should to my plainings thus eſtranged be,
And leave me to theſe fits vvhich ſorrovv keepe:
If that in me a cauſe he did not ſee,
For vvhich he vvill not yet be ſeene of mee.

For hence it comes that vvater-vvaſted eies,
Commaund a freſh inceſſant ſhowers of teares,
And drive my breaſt, vvhich under burthen cries,
Vnto a nevv-made ſtorme of ſighes and feares:
And laſt my ſoule (oh ſoule vvith vvoe oppreſt)
Is made a priſoner to my owne unreſt.

My heart ſhall never ceaſe to tire my toung,
My toung ſhall never reſt to tell my ſmart,
My ſmart ſhall cauſe me ſtill to vvaile my vvrong,
My vvrong (bereaving me of my beſt part:)
So heart, ſo toung, ſo ſmart, ſhall all accord,
To ſigh, tell, ſhew, my greefes for my dead Lord.

I ſilly ſoule, ſith I my mirth have loſt,
For my part vvill make much of heartie ſorrow,
And ſith my ioy vvith ſuch deepe vvoe is croſt,
In bitter teares all comfort I vvill borrow:
Which I preſume I lawfully may ſheed,
Fetching my vvarrant from his lateſt deed.

Alas, vvhat need had my ſweet Lord to vveepe
Vpon the croſſe, but for our leathings ſake;
Which cannot ſure be ill for me to keepe,
That he thought good to give, tis good to take:
My vveeping cannot preiudice my bliſſe,
A vvorld of teares cannot bewaile my miſſe.

I ſtill vvill dravv to my diſtreſſed mind
All ſad conceits, all heavie penſive muſing,
My heart to daily languor I will bind,
Where it may pine in vvithered care peruſing:
Taking no comfort for my vvoes redreſſe,
But in conſenting to be comfortleſſe.

Oh vvould to God I vvere as privie made
Vnto his bleſſed bodies ſweet remove,
To know vvhere that pure veſſell now is laid,
As he is vvitting of my faithfull love:
Oh thou my Lord and owner of my ſoule,
That knowes my heart, and can conceive my dole.

If skies bright Sunne to ſhew his beames did ſhame,
When light of lights vvas darkened vvith diſgrace,
If heavens their beautie did vvith louring ſtaine,
Suting their colours to their makers caſe,
If Natures frame did (melting) ſhake to ſee
Natures faire Author us'd unnaturally:

Why

Why ſhould not I, vvhoſe over-burthening ſmart
Hath equall cauſe to vvaile his heavie caſe,
Helpe in this bad conſort to beare a part?
Eſpecially ſith in this little ſpace,

His bodies loſſe hath mourners number leſſened,
And yet the cauſe of vveeping is increaſed:
The Apoſtles all are fled, his friends afraid,
And I alone to vveepe for all am ſtaid.

Marie Magdalens fift Lamentation.

Maries perſeverance at the Tombe, and the apring of Chriſt in the likeneſſe of a Gardiner.

OH my dear Lord, thy greefe the greateſt was
That ever vvas in man or manly heart,
And my greefe is as great a greefe alas
As ever came to vvoman for her part:
For out of thine my love hath carved mee,
A part not ſmall, and yet too ſmall for thee.

Thy loſſe my torment hath redoubled,
And all ſad ſoules pay me vvhat they did borrow,
I beare the greefe, which thē too much hath troubled,
Yea I am made *Vice-gerent* of all ſorrow:
Sorrow, ah ſorrow thou O Tombe vvith me,
And thaw to teares you ſtones that hardeſt be.

The

The time is come(now is the very time)
That leave it had and licenſe for to cry,
To tell the Phariſes their ſinfull crime,
Now for the Lord, the breach of ſilence try :
Who ſaid, if his diſciples held their peace,
The very ſtones vvould crie for ſins increace.

Sith then their lips be locked up vvith feare,
And ſadneſſe makes them mute, and not a vvord,
Oh crie you ſtones, and no exclaimes forbeare,
Crie out againſt the murtherers of my Lord :
The robbers of his ſacred coarſe bewray,
Bring them to light that ſtole my Lord away.

For ſure it vvas ſome Phariſes fell ſpight
Or bloodie Scribe(not ſated vvith the paine
His bodie felt)but bloud their hearts envite
To practiſe ſome vvorſe crueltie againe :
And now to glut their brutiſh mind vvithall,
Have ſtolne his coarſe to uſe unnaturall.

Oh rockes and ſtones, if ever you muſt crie,
Now is high time to poure your loud exclaimes,
Novv let your clamours to the vvelkin flie,
Sith light is darkened, dead the flame of flames,
The vvorlds great Monarch foulely maſſacred,
The life of lives outrageouſly miſuſed.

Doth not his tongue (vvhose truth infallible is)
Whose vvord omnipotent rules sea and vvind,
Whom creatures (most insensible) doe kisse
With aw'd obedience, vvhich his power doth bind:
Promise the vvhole vvorld shall defend the iust,
Against those senceless soules, vvhich selfe power (trust.
And vvho more iust than he, of Iustice king?
Who than his barbarous murtherers, senceless more?
Whose innocent bloud could not a staunching bring
Vnto their greedie thirst, slaughtered before;
Vnlesse they to this impious act proceed
To vvorke (his bodie dead) some hellish deed.

Why doe not then all creatures them applie
To be revenged in a cause so iust,
Vpon the Iewes uncivile tyrannie,
Bereft of sence and blinded in mistrust,
Their hearts made inhumane, of reason barrain,
Void of good feeling both to God and Man?

But sure it cannot be in humane might
To steale the bodie of my Lord away,
No bloudie theefe, nor any mortall vvight
Had sufferance to beare so vvicked sway:
It cannot be that any sinfull soule
Would undertake a deed of such deepe dole.

No,

No, no, he vvas no bootie for a theefe,
Nor for a cruell Phariſee a pray;
Nor vvere the Angels ſlacke to attend him cheefe,
As my ſuſpition doth preſume to ſay:
If this thing cannot change my mind from feare,
Yet looking on the clothes, my doubts may cleare.

Would any theefe have ſo religious beene,
To ſteale the bodie, and the clothes not take?
Would any theefe ſo venterous have beene ſeene,
To ſtay, ſo many feare-delaies to make,
As to unſhroud the coarſe, order the ſheets,
And fold the napkins vvith ſuch ſeemely pleets?

I know that Mirrhe makes linnen cleave as faſt
As pitch or glue, vvell tempered or made;
And could a theefes ſtolne leaſure ſo long laſt,
As to diſſolve the Mirrhe, and bare the dead,
Breake up the ſeales, open the Tombe and all?
Where vvas the vvatch vvhē theſe things did befall?

If all this yet cannot perſuade my mind,
Yet might my owne experience make me ſee,
When at the croſſe they ſtripped him, unkind,
I ſaw his garment vvould not parted bee
From goarie backs, but tare his tender skin,
Much more if it vvith Mirrhe had nointed bin.

Ile

Ile looke into the ſheet, if there remaine
Any one parcell of his mangled fleſh,
Or any haire pluckt from his heads ſoft vaine,
If none, that ſhall my vvearie vvoe refreſh:
Ile thinke a betrer chaunce betides my love,
Than my miſdeeming feare vvill let me prove.

A guiltie conſcience doubteth vvant of time,
And leaud attempts are ſtill diſpatcht in haſt,
Offenders doubt leaſt light make known their crime,
And in nights ſable vveed commit their vvaſt:
With dread and horror acting fearefully,
And cannot marke vvhen things vvell ordered be.

But to unvvrap a bodie mangled ſo,
Out of Mirrhe cloathes, and not the fleſh to teare,
Leaving them thus ſo cleanely vvip'd in ſhow,
It is a thing moſt marvellous to heare,
And moſt impoſsible for man to do,
Vnleſſe they had light, helpe, and time thereto.

But oh the great effects of rareſt love,
If love a languor be, hovv then live I?
If life, hovv doe I then ſuch dead fits prove?
If it bereaveth ſence, hovv did I ſee
The Angels then? if it revive the ſame,
Why did I not knovv Ieſus vvhen he came?

And

And doe I in ſuch zeale thus ſeeke for one,
Whom vvhen I have found out, I do not know,
Or if I know him that of late vvas gone,
Now having him, vvhy doe I ſeeke him ſo?
Behold my Chriſt is come, he vvhom I ſought,
Doth talke vvith me, and I my ſelfe know nought.

Why doe I not then vvipe my dazled eies?
Ah hath my Lord in this vvorld liv'd ſo long,
Di'de vvith ſuch paine, ſhed ſhours of tears with cries,
Laboured ſo much, and ſuffered ſo much vvrong,
And hath thereby no more preferment cought,
But for to be a ſilly Gardiner thought?

And hath my kindneſſe ſo much coſt beſtowed
Vpon the ointment vvhich I did prepare,
Have I in anguiſh pin'd and ſo long ſorrowed,
Shead all theſe teares, and had ſuch heedleſſe care:
And vvas all done for one, and one no better
Than is a ſilly ſimple Gardiner?

Alas, and is a ſilly garden plot
The beſt free-hold that my love can afford,
Is this the higheſt office he hath got,
To be a Gardiner now that vvas my Lord:
He better might have liv'd and owned me,
Than vvith his death to have bought ſo ſmall a fee.

Marie Magdalens ſixt Lamentation.

Jeſus ſaid unto her (Marie:) ſhe turned and ſaid unto him Rabboni.

OH loving Lord, thou only didſt deferre
My conſolation to encreaſe it more,
That thy delightfull preſence might preferre
The better welcome, being wiſht ſo ſore,
In that thy abſence little hope had left
Vnto my heart, ſo long of bliſſe bereft.

It may be that I knew not former bliſſe,
Till I a time was from the ſweetneſſe wean'd:
Nor what it was ſuch treaſures rich to miſſe,
Which in thy preſence I of late attain'd;
Vntill my povertie had made it cleere,
Of what ineſtimable rate they were.

But

But now thou ſhewſt me by a proofe moſt ſweet,
That though I paid thee vvith my deareſt love,
With vvater of my teares to vvaſh thy feet,
With my beſt breath, vvhich all deſire could move:
Yet ſmall the price vvas that I did beſtow,
Waying the vvorth, which now thou letſt me know.

I ſought thee dead, pind in a ſtonie gaile,
But find thee living and at libertie:
Shrin'd in a ſhroud, thy viſage vvan and pale,
Left as the modell of all miſerie:
But now inveſt in glorious robes I find thee,
And as the preſident of bliſſe I mind thee.

As all this vvhile I ſought but could not find,
Wept vvithout comfort, cal'd unanſwered to:
So now thy comming ſatisfies my mind,
Thy triumphs pleaſe my teares, vvhich long did vvo;
And all my cries are huſht vvith this one vvord,
(*Marie*) cauſe ſweetly ſpoken from my Lord.

For vvhen I heard thee call in vvonted ſort,
And vvith thy uſuall voice, my only Name,
Iſſuing from that thy heavenly mouths report;
So ſtrange an alteration it did frame,
As if I had been vvholly made anew,
Being only nam'd by thee (vvhoſe voice I knew.)

Whereas before my greefe benum'd me ſo,
My bodie ſeem'd the hearſe of my dead hart,
My heart (ſoules coffin) kil'd vvith care and vvo,
And my vvhole ſelfe did ſeeme in every part
A double funerall preſented plaine,
Of thee and of my ſelfe together ſlaine.

But now this one vvord hath my ſence reſtored,
Lightned my mind, and quickned my heart,
And in my ſoule a living ſpirit poured,
Yea, vvith ſweet comfort ſtrengthened every part:
For vvell this vvord a ſpirit dead may raiſe,
Which only vvord made Heaven, World, and Seas.

Marie I vvas vvhen ſin poſſeſt me vvhole,
Marie I am, being now in ſtate of grace,
Marie did vvorke the ill that damn'd her ſoule,
Marie did good in giving ill place:
And now I ſhew both vvhat I vvas and am,
This vvord alone diſplaies my ioy and ſhame.

For by his vertues that did ſpeake the ſame,
An Epitome of all his mercies ſweet,
A Repetition of my miſeries came,
And all good haps I did together meet:
Which ſo my ſences raviſhed vvith ioy,
I ſoone forgot my ſorrowes and annoy.

And thus my heart a troupe of ioies did lead,
Mustered in rankes, to mutinie they fell,
Conspiring vvhich might worthiest be made,
With them my owne unworthies doe rebell:
And long in doubtfull issue they contend,
Till view of highest blisse the strife did end.

He vvas my Sunne, vvhose going downe did leave,
A dumpish night vvith fearefull fancies fild,
And did each starre of glistering shines bereave,
And all the vvorld vvith mystie horror hill'd:
And every planet reigning erst so bright,
Were chang'd to dismall signes in this darke night.

Yet now the cleareneſſe of his lovely face,
His vvords authoritie vvhich all obay,
This foggie darkneſſe cleane away doth chace,
And brings a calme and bright vvell tempered day:
And doth disperse clouds of melancholie,
Awakes my sence, and cures my lethargie.

Rapt vvith his voice, impatient of delay,
Out of his mouth his talke I greedily take,
And to this first and only vvord I say,
And vvith one other vvord this answere make,
Rabboni: then my ioy, my speech did choke,
I could no more proceed, nor more hear spoke.

Love vvould have spoke, but fear conceal'd the clause,
Hope framed vvords, but doubt their passage staies,
When I should speake, I then stood in a pause,
My suddaine ioy my inward thoughts quite slaies:
My voice doth tremble, and my toung doth falter,
My breath doth faile, and all my sences alter.

Lastly, in lieu of vvords, issue my teares,
Deepe sighs in stead of sentences are spent,
Their mothers vvant they fill vvith sighs and feares,
And from the heart halfe-uttered breath they sent:
Which so in passions conflict disagree,
To sounds perceiv'd, they cannot sorted be.

So fares the heart thats sicke for suddaine ioy,
Attaining that for vvhich it long did fire:
For even as feare is loves still servile boy,
And hope an usher unto hot desire,
So love is hard, a firme beleefe in gaining,
And credulous coniectures entertaining.

And though desire be apt for to admit
Of vvisht for comfort any smallest shade,
The hotter yet it burnes in having it,
The more it cares to have it perfit made:
And vvhile least hope is vvanting vvhich is sought,
The best assurances avantage nought.

And even as hope doth ſtill the beſt preſume,
Inviting ioy to vvelcome good ſucceſſe,
So feare ſuſpects true bliſſe can hardly come,
And cals up ſorrow, making it ſeeme leſſe:
With greefe bewailing the uncertainetie
Of that vvhich ſhould be ſole felicitie.

And vvhile as theſe doe mutually contend,
Feare ſometime falleth into deepe deſpaire,
Hope riſing up, his fierie darts doth ſend
Of vvrath, repining to the emptie aire:
Making a doubtfull skirmiſh, dead they ſtand,
Till evidence of proofe the ſtrife have skand.

For though (poore I) ſo ſuddainely repli'de
Vpon the notice of his voice well knowne,
Yet for becauſe ſo rare a chaunce I ſpi'de,
His perſon chaung'd, himſelfe unlookt for ſhowne:
The ſight my thoughts into ſedition drew,
Then were they purg'd frõ doubts by ſtricter view.

And then though ſpeeches vvould have iſſued faine,
And my poore heart to his have dutie ſent,
Yet every thought for utterance taking paine,
Which firſt might be receav'd, ſo haſtily vvent,
That I vvas forc'd (indifferent iudge to all)
To act by ſignes, and let my ſpeeches fall.

And running to the haunt of my delight,
My cheefeſt bliſſe, I ſtreight fall at his feet,
And kindly offer in my Saviours ſight,
To bath them now vvith teares of ioy moſt ſweet:
To ſanctifie my lips vvith kiſsing his,
Once greevous, but now glorious vvounds of bliſs.

To hear more vvords I liſted not to ſtay,
Being vvith the vvord it ſelfe now happie made,
But deeme a greater bliſſe for to aſſay,
To have at once my vviſhes full apaide
In honouring and kiſsing of his feet,
Than in the hearing of his ſpeech, leſſe ſweet.

For even as love, in nature coveteth
To be united, yea transformed vvhole
Out of it ſelfe into the thing it loveth:
So vvhat unites, love moſt affecteth ſole,
And ſtill preferreth leaſt coniunction ever,
Before beſt ioies, vvhich diſtance ſeemes to ſever.

To ſee him therefore, doth not me ſuffice,
To heare him doth not quiet vvhole my mind,
To ſpeake vvith him in ſo familiar vviſe,
Is not ynough my looſe-let ſoule to bind:
No, nothing can my vehement love appeaſe;
Leaſt by his touch my vvo-worne heart I pleaſe.

Marie Magdalens ſeventh Lamentation.

Her falling at Chriſts feet to kiſſe them, his forbidding her: ſaying, Do not touch me, for I am not yet aſcended to my Father.

OH loving Lord, what myſterie is this;
Being dead in ſinne, I toucht thy mortall feet
That were to die for me, now may not kiſſe
Thy glorious feet, yet thou haſt thought it meet
They ſhould as vvell for my good now revive,
As for my good they dy'de, being late alive?

Thou didſt admit me once to annoint thy head,
And am I now unmeet thy feet to touch?
Thou wonted was for to commend the deed,
Which now thou doeſt command me from as much:
O Lord, ſith I and others ſhall them feele,
Why doeſt thou now forbid me ſo to kneele.

What meaneſt thou good Lord, that thou reſtrainſt
My heart of ſuch a dutie ſo deſired,
Sith thou mongſt all thy friends, to me haſt deign'd
The firſt of thy ſelfe (of all required:)
With thy firſt vvords my eares ſole happie be,
And may I not be bleſt with touching thee?

If teares have vvoon ſuch favour, from mine eies,
If longing earnes a recompence ſo ſweet,
Why doeſt thou Lord my feeling hands deſpiſe,
And barre my mouth from kiſsing thy ſweet feet:
Sith lips (with plaints) & hands (with will to ſerve)
Doe ſeeme as great reward for to deſerve.

But notwithſtanding, thus thou doeſt prevent
My tender offer, vvhich I vvould effect,
Forbidding me to touch (as if thou meant)
I ſhould the difference of thy ſtate reſpect:
Being now a glorious, not a mortall bodie,
A life eternall, and not momentarie.

For ſith the bodies immortalitie,
The glorie of the ſoule together knit,
Are both of them indowments heavenly
For ſuch as in ſweet Paradice doe ſit:
Rights of another vvorld vveil maiſt thou deeme
This favour, than nothing of ſmall eſteeme.

Though

Though to my Father I have not aſcended,
I ſhortly ſhall, let thy demeanure then
Not by the place vvhere I am, be intended,
But by that place vvhich is my due: and vvhen
With reverence thou farre off vvouldſt fall,
I vvill conſent that thou me handle ſhall.

If thou my former promiſes beleeve,
My preſent vvords may be a conſtant proofe,
Doe not thy eies and eares true vvitneſſe give,
Muſt hands and face moſt feele for hearts behoofe:
If eies and eares deceived be by me,
As vvell may hands and face deluded be.

Yet if thou feare leaſt ſo ſuddaine part,
That if thou take not leave now of my feet,
With humble kiſſe, vvith teares fetcht from thy heart,
Thou never ſhalt ſo fit a ſeaſon meet:
Licenſe that doubt, for all theſe loves of thine,
There vvill be found a more convenient time.

But goe about vvhat now more haſt requires,
Run to my brethren, tell them vvhat I ſay,
That I to ſatisfie their ſoules deſires,
For them in Gallilee vvill goe ſtay:
And there before them ſhortly vvill I bee,
Where they my ſacred heavenly face ſhall ſee.

And I preferring fore my vviſh his vvill,
Even like a hungrie child departed from him,
Puld from a teat, vvhich ſtore of milke doth fill,
Or like a thirſtie Hart, from brookes exil'd:
Sorrie that I by carrying ioyfull newes,
Should leave my Lord, vvhom I did rather chuſe.

Alas then (ſaid I) cannot others be
Made happie, but by my unhappie croſſe,
Cannot their gaine come in by none but me,
And not by me, but by my heavie loſſe:
Muſt dawning of their day my evening be,
And to enrich themſelves, muſt they rob me?

Alas goe ſeeke to better thee (deare hart)
And eaſe thy vvoe in ſome more happie breſt,
Sith I unworthie creature for my part,
Am nothing freed from my late unreſt:
But in the taſt of high felicitie,
The vvant vvhereof doth vvorke more miſerie.

Thus lead by dutie, and held backe by love,
I paced forward, but my thoughts goe backe,
Readie eftſoones a ſounding fit to prove,
But that firme faith ſupported me from wracke:
And towards the Tombe in breathing oft I turn'd,
As if that aire with new refreſhing burn'd.

Some-

Marie Magdalens ſeventh Lamentation.

Sometimes poore ſoule my ſelfe I doe forget,
Love in a ſweet diſtraction leading me,
Makes me imagine I my love have met,
And ſeemes as though his vvords vvere feeding me:
I deeme his feet are folded in my armes,
And that his comfort my chill ſpirit vvarmes.

But vvhen my vvits are all againe awake,
And this a meere illuſion is found,
My heart halfe dead, it vvonted vvoe doth take,
And greater greefe my ſicke ſoule doth confound,
That I (alas) the thing it ſelfe muſt miſſe,
Whoſe onely thought ſo much delightfull is.

And as I paſſed vvhere my Lord hath beene,
Oh ſtones (ſaid I) more happier farre than I,
Moſt vvretched caitife, I alas have ſeene
When unto you my Lord did not denie
The touch of his for ever bleſſed feet,
Whereof my ill deſerts makes me unmeet.

Alas, vvhat crime have I of late commit,
That cancels me out of his good conceit?
Or doth my Lord his vvonted love forget,
May I no more his vvonted love await?
Had I for tearme of life his love in leaſe,
And did my right expire in his deceaſe?

Oh in his feet vvith teares at first I vvrit
My supplication for his mercie sweet,
With sobs and sighes (poore soule) I pointed it,
My haire did choisely fold it, being vvet,
My lips impression humbly seal'd the same,
With reverent stamp, which frō my sick soule came.

They vvere the dores that entrance first did give
Into his favour, and by them I came
By kind acceptance in his heart to live,
By them I did my humble homage frame
Vnto his head, vvhile it did yet containe
In man, a mirror of God's brightnesse plaine.

But now alas I must contented be
To beare a lower saile, and stoope to time,
To take downe my desires that sores so high,
To meaner hopes, and leave aloft to clime:
Sith former favours now are markes too high,
Either to levell at, or to come nigh.

But oh ambitious eies for so vveake sight,
He is too bright a Sunne, your lookes are ty'de,
And now are limitted to meaner light,
And rather like a Batt, than Eagle ey'de:
You must your selves t'inferiour lookes submit,
For him to see, such substance is unfit.

No,

No, no, ſith I am from his feet reiected,
How can I thinke, but that my vvant of faith
Is cauſe I am ſo ſlenderly reſpected,
And that his heart to yeeld me love gaine ſaith:
Yea, that I am from all poſſeſsion throwne,
Of his kind favour, vvhich vvere earſt mine owne.

Yet vvhy ſhould I ſtoope to a feare ſo baſe,
When vvant of faith vvith ſinne vvas vvorſe agreeved?
He did vouchſafe to graunt me of his grace,
And ſhall I now, cauſe faintly I beleeved,
Thinke that my Lord ſo rigorouſly vvill deale,
As to abridge me of this vviſhed vveale?

Is the ſinceritie of my pure Love,
(Wherein he hath no partener at all)
In no reſpect availeable to move,
Or in account is it ſo light and ſmall,
As that it may not hope ſome ſparke to find
Of vvonted mercie, and his grace ſo kind.

I vvill not vvrong him vvith ſo unjuſt a thought,
Sith his appearing doth approve the ſame,
His vvords o'rethrow that ſuch ſuſpition vvrought,
His countenance doth te'll I am to blame:
Why then ſhould I from ſuch a vaine ſurmiſe,
Sucke ſo much ſorrow in ſuch fooliſh vviſe?

Thus

Thus as I travailed in this iourney ſhort,
My fantaſies long voiages did make,
And heal'd my mind in ſuch a vvavering ſort,
Hope could not vvin, nor feare vvould not forſake:
But twixt them both my viſion made me glad,
And greefe of my deniall made me ſad.

But as I vvas in this perplexed vviſe,
Riſing and falling in uncertainetie,
The other holy vvomen I eſpie
That firſt vvith me came to the grave to ſee,
To vvhom the Angels had made demonſtration
Of Chriſt my Lord and maiſters reſurrection.

The Concluſion.

Ieſus met them, ſaying, All Haile.

OH how profound are all thy iudgements Lord,
How doeſt thou take my ſorrow to thy heart,
How doth thy eies ſuch bleeding drops afford,
To ſee my vvounded love and greevous ſmart:
That thy refuſall late requited is
With ſuch a grant ſo free and full of blis.

Full of content, the baulme of troubled mind,
That tooke no pleaſure vvhere thy preſence vvanted,
But oh how grace hath graced me to find
The love, vvherevvith my ſoule is cheefe acquainted:
His love's my life, by his love my life liveth,
For to my ſoule his love the life-breath giveth.

The Concluſion.

Now are the dolefull, darke, and pitcht-fac'd clouds
Diſpearſt and driven from my comforts face,
Thoſe melancholy, moiſt, and vvat'rie ſhrouds,
That did the brightneſſe of my ioies diſplace,
Wrapping me up, as in eternall night,
Vaniſht they are, ſeeing my hearts delight.

Delight in him, to vvhom all love is debt,
Seal'd vvith the heart, the ſoule, and all the might,
A paiment that admits no vvorldly let,
To linger or defraud a heavenly right:
Which if I cannot pay as due requires,
Accept (O Lord) thy debtors true deſires.

Let me thy everlaſting priſoner be,
Chain'd in the linkes of an eternall love,
My vvant and vvill is only knowne to thee,
A vvilling debtour I vvill ever prove:
And vvhat I have, I freely doe beſtowe;
Take all my vvorth, for part of that I owe.

Oh Chriſtian ſoule take *Marie* to thy mirrour;
And if thou vvilt the like effects obtaine,
Then follow her in like affections fervour,
And ſo vvith her, like mercie ſhalt thou gaine:
Learn ſinfull man of this once ſinfull vvoman,
That ſinners may find Chriſt, vvhich ſin abandon.

That

That love recovereth him, that ſinne did loſe,
That firme beleefe recalleth that againe
Which fainting faith did quite forſake to choſe;
That vvhat nor force nor favour can obtaine,
Nor pollicie by mortall meanes bring in,
Continued teares of conſtant love can vvin.

Learne then of her for Chriſt no force to feare,
And out of Chriſt no comfort to deſire
With Chriſt his love, all love (though ne're ſo deare)
To over-rule, to quench fond fancies fire:
Riſe earely ſoule, in thy good motions morne,
Sleepe not in ſloth, vvhen diligence may performe.

Run vvith repentance to thy ſinfull hart,
Which ſhould the Temple undefil'd have bin,
But through thy fault, deſerves no better part
Than be the Tombe for Chriſt to burie in:
For vvanting life to taſt this heavenly bread,
He ſeem'd to thee as if he had been dead.

Remove the loads that preſſe thee downe in ſin,
The ſtone of former hardneſſe roule away,
Looke to thy ſoule, if Chriſt be lodg'd therein,
And if thou find that there he doe not ſtay,
Then weepe without, in other creatures mind him,
Sith had in all, in any thou maiſt find him.

Make faith thine eie, hope guide, and love thy light,
Seeke him, not his, for himſelfe, not his meeds:
If faith have found him in a cloudie night,
Let hope ſeeke for him when the day ſpring breeds:
If hope to ſee him, have thee luckly led,
Let love ſeeke further, in him to be fed.

If Sorrow knocke, Remorſe is Mercies porter,
And ever opens to let Dolour in,
Vnto that dore be thou a quicke reſorter,
Tis much to ſave the loſſe that comes by ſin:
He that of Sorrow is true mournefull taſter,
Doth feele ſins ſmart, and find ſins ſalving-plaſter.

Strive with thy thoughts, being all prepar'd together,
To riſe out of mortalities foule mire,
Which hath no ſtanding, nor firme footing neither,
Prevent the daunger, and in time retire:
Crave to be cleane of that ſame filth ſinne urged,
For who is pure, that Ieſus hath not purged?

He can the ruines of thy ſoule repaire,
He yet deſtributeth his merties treaſure,
The dore ſtands open yet, thy ſuite prepare,
Let not repentance ſtay old ages leaſure:
When the Meridian of thy Sun's once paſt,
The night of Nature hies upon thee faſt.

Awake therefore, vvatch th'evils hourely nie,
Provide before thou be ſurpriz'd of breath,
Vpon the pale horſe heedfull caſt thine eie,
Note him that ſits thereon, vvhoſe name is Death:
Be readie for the ſtroke he is to give,
For feare thou die, ere thou begin to live.

Oh mild Phyſician, how vvell didſt thou know
Thy coroſive ſo ſharp did greeve my vvound,
Which did by ignorance, not errour grow,
Therefore no ſooner felt, but helpe vvas found:
Thy linative appli'de, did eaſe my paine,
For though thou did forbid, twas no reſtraine.

And now to ſhew that thy deniall late,
Was but a cheeke to my unſetled faith,
And no reiecting of my fault vvith hate;
Thou letſt me vvaſh thy feet, in my teare bath:
I kiſſe them too, the ſeales of our redemption,
My love renewed vvith endleſſe conſolation.

Thus haſt thou Lord full finiſhed my teares,
Aſſured my hopes, contented my deſire,
Repair'd my loves, extirped quite my feares,
Perfected ioies vvithall that heart requires:
And made the period of expiring greefes,
The preamble to ever freſh releeſes.

How mercifull a father art thou Lord
To poore forſaken Orphans in diſtreſſe,
How ſoft a iudge, that iudgement doth afford
With mildeſt grace, to ſinners comfortleſſe?
How ſure a friend unto a ſyncere lover,
Whoſe pure and faithfull love doth alter never?

Thou then that art vvith diligence prepar'd,
Going vvith ſpeed, ſtanding vvith hopes lift hie,
Humbling thy heart, thy haughtie vvill impar'd,
If thou vvith *Marie* none but Chriſt vvould ſee,
Himſelfe vvill to thy teares an anſwere give,
And his owne vvords aſſure thee he doth live:

That ſweetly he, vnto thee being ſhowne,
To others thou maiſt run, and make him knowne.

FINIS.

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